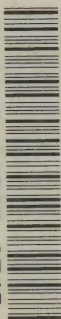


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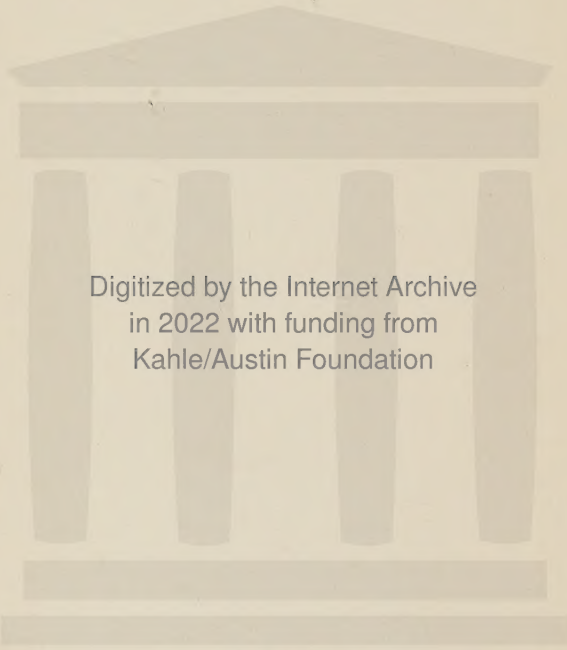


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POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG
CLINTON FREDERICK BLAKE



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POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

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*These Songs Are Dedicated
in the
Spirit of Friendship*

By spirit that lives
To spirits that died
Where the rivers give
To the deathless tide,
And the moan of the bar
Is heard afar,
By those who died to live.

The Author makes acknowledgment to the Editors of *The Lariat*, *The Oregonian* and *The Seaside Signal* for permission to reprint certain of the poems included in this volume.

C. F. B.

CONTENTS

Ballad of Champoeg	
Notes	11
Prelude	13
Canto I	14
Canto II	16
Canto III	16
Canto IV	18
Canto V	20
Canto VI	23
Canto VII	24
Canto VIII	27
Canto IX	30
Field Voices	32
Moods	33
Silently	34
Bridging	35
Words	35
The Perfect Day	36
The Way of Ships	37
A Cloud	37
Flowers	38
Forgetting	38
Offerings	39
A Flower	39
A Thought	40
Where I Would Sleep	40
Buried Treasure	41
God's Law	41
Tillamook Head	42
Soliloquy	43
Friendship	44
Gaiety	44
An Oregon Nook	45
To a Bird	46
Dreams	47
My Address	47
Love	48
Woodland Harmonies	49
Sighing	50
Visions	51

CONTENTS

Mount Hood	52
My Ship	53
Uncle Mose	55
Meditation	56
To Be Free	57
The Conflict	58
Baby	59
Constancy	60
Heroism at Sea	61
Mother	62
Nature's Shrine	63
Little Things	64
Prayers	65
Paths	66
Let's Go	67
Orders	68
The Source	69
Spirit Flight	71
Ye Old Bridge	73
All Through the Night	75
Then	76

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

BALLAD OF CHAMPOEG

NOTES

The various cantos are historically and geographically correct.

The fantasies follow in the main a composite or summary of the various Indian legends and myths, many of which are contradictory, of the Pacific Northwest country.

The pictures are geographically and topographically correct, being written after visits to the locality of Champoeg.

The characters are men of outstanding prominence in the historic scene at Champoeg enacted May 2, 1843.

The meanings of the Indian words are as follows:

Callipeen—carbine, gun, rifle.

Canim—canoe.

Celaise—Indian maiden, daughter of Kobaiway.

Chinook—a tribe of Indians living in the Columbia River valley; by derivation, a warm winter wind.

Cole-ill-a-he—cold earth, winter.

Ecahníe—Supreme God.

Ill-a-he—the earth, land.

Kobaiway—a famous chief of the Tillamook tribe.

Loowit—an enchanted Indian maiden loved by Wiyeast and Klickatat, and by the gods turned into Mt. St. Helens.

Nekamin—a rocky mountain on the coast, the home of the gods; now called Mt. Neahkanie.

Sahalee—high.

Sahalee Illahe—hilly country.

Sahalee tye—almighty.

Ecahníe sah-a-le-tye—God Almighty.

Sahwal—tar weed used by the Indians for food.

Sahman—medicine man, soothsayer.

Shuksan—home of the North Wind.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

Sun-chah-ca Stloo—the East Wind.

Sum-mit-lite—west.

Smanas—a hill.

Tallipus—a lesser god, usually taking the form of a coyote, but capable of assuming other forms.

Ten-as-sin—morning.

Tepee—an Indian dwelling.

Tipso—flat, level.

Tipso illahe—flat, meadow or prairie country.

Tomaniwus—Spirit of Life, not exactly a god, inhabiting all animate as well as inanimate objects.

Tulox—home of the South Wind.

Twah—twilight.

Wapato—a root bulb used by the Indians for food.

Waum illahe—warm earth, summer.

We-co-na—the ocean, sea.

Wiyeast—an Indian lover of the maiden Loowit, for misbehavior turned into Mt. Hood by the gods.

BALLAD OF CHAMPOEG

PRELUDE

I see the wraiths of long and dusty trains
In early years
Braving the toil of barren plains;
Mid hopes and fears
Slowly creeping o'er a continent
Toward a fabled land of rich content,
The last land of hardy pioneers,
Rich in its struggles, its hardships, and its tears.

There yet remains the halo of the days
When toiling bands
Westward faring, kept their steadfast gaze
Upon our lands.
And as they came away from homeland sod
"Looking through Nature up to Nature's god,"
Deeply drank they at the bounteous fountain
Of inspiration, quaffed from plain and mountain.

Prints they left on tortuous trails are gone;
There but remain
Wraiths of their faith and fortitude; but song
Shall yet proclaim
Their deeds of valor, and the price
They paid in love and sacrifice
That we may live, and living know 'twas thus
From out their past, down through their present,
Handed they the future on to us.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

I CREATION

Ecahníe, God of Gods,
The Great Spirit, spoke;
And all the lesser Gods,
The totem Gods, awoke.

Ecahníe then declared His love
Should take material form;
That from celestial realms above
A world be born.

Thus from infinitude into space
A cloud of dust took form and place;
Into space from somewhere flew
A cloud of mist; these clouds two
Meeting, united, a nucleus to form
Of what should one day be
The land of Oregon.

Thus united, Ecahníe, at the helm,
Guided their journey through His infinite realm
Of never-changing clime,
Knowing naught of space nor time.

And as Ecahníe sped them on their endless way,
Time divided He into night and day.
He limited their space, and to a trail around
A central place of heat, the clouds He bound.

Then Ecahníe, the Great Spirit, told
Of seasons, and decreed
That through alternate heat and cold
The clouds united speed.
Cole-ill-a-he, winter,
He called the time of cold;
Waum-ill-a-he, summer,

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

He named the heated time;
And thus Ecahníe caused the clouds to hold
Their course through varied clime.

Myriad dust specks by the heat
Were melted into one,
To form a place for chieftain's feet
To follow trails upon.

The little drops of cloud mist
Could not the cold endure,
And so they drew together
Into a liquid pure,
To bear, on gently heaving breast,
The canim, chief's canoe,
Far beyond the breakers' crest
Into the twilight hue.

Then Ecahníe rent the sky;
Rent He then the sky in twain,
Making place to enter by,
That He and lesser Gods obtain
A dwelling place on ill-a-he.

Ecahníe then created hills,
Valleys between, and flowing rills
From crested mountain's wintry chills
Where snowdrifts lie.
And for Himself He made a home
Where, from beneath We-co-na's foam,
He raised Nekamin's noble dome
Against the western sky.

He caused a rill to break the girth,
The mountain fastness, of its birth,
That mighty river sweep the earth
From hills to sea.

So the Willamette, bathing feet
Of terraced hills, flows on to meet
The pulsing tides, its last retreat
Through all eternity.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

II CHAMPOEG

Hill and meadow;
River in between,
Dividing twain the two
By silver sheen.
Fir tree colonnade
On hillside steep,
Swathing in its shade
The river deep.

Gold of the sun
Are nodding blooms,
Red and blue among,
On meadow dunes.
Far over meadow
Distant haze
Enshrouds the snow
Of mountain glades.

Born from spring in meadow glade,
Leaps a brook in wild cascade,
And river joins at palisade
Of hills in verdant green;
Flows then in a sweep it made
Along the forest colonnade,
Where, merging into woodland shade
Its flank is sunlit meadow gleam.

III COMING OF THE RED MAN

Whence far-flung waters ever flow
Across the face of evening's glow;
Whence crested billows fall and rise,
To fall again on the breast of tides;
Tides that reach

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

O'er foam-flecked beach,
To sweep and leap
At rugged feet
Of pinnacle, turret, castled dome,
But to retreat,
And wail defeat
In angry monotone;
Over trees, the forest crests
That crown the tide-worn minarets,
Home of Tallipus, brave coyote,
Whose deeds of valor oft bespoke
The plaudits of the tribes;
Up through the valley, rippling gleams
Cast by the sun on coursing streams;
Glorying in the strength it knew
As it leaped the mighty crags that spew
The waters into foam;
But soft as maiden's song of love
Wafted from the heights above,
Chinook, the West Wind, sought his home.

From where the Mississippi sped,
Father of Waters, down its bed
From Lake Itaska at its head
In Minnesota's hills;
Over the prairie stretched away
Into the haze of another day;
Where, numbered like sands on the beach.
Mighty herds of bison reach
From range to range
Across the plains
Oft shaken by the frenzied speed
Of hurrying, scurrying, wild stampede;
Through a pass in the rocky butte
Of mountain fastness, rugged, mute;
Under a bridge Ecahnie raised
To span a mighty river's waves,

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

Where rushing waters, churned to mist,
Plunge from a rocky precipice;
Past white mountain, shrouded, slender,
Spectral form of brave Wiyeast,
Standing in eternal splendor
For the love of maiden Loowit;
Came the fair Wind of the East,
Sun-chah-ca Stloo; her journey ended
Where the twain, embracing, met
Upon the banks of fair Willamette.

Spirit of Life, Tomaniwus,
Sent Ecahnie then,
And mighty coyote, Tallipus,
From distant Tillamook glen,
To breathe upon the meeting pair,
Chinook the brave,
Sun-chah-ca Stloo the fair,
That they take form, and on the earth
To mighty tribes of men give birth.

IV

CHAMPOEG OF THE RED MAN

Sahalee illahe,
Hillside glen;
Tipso illahe,
Meadow fen;
Between the river glides
Over illahe
Home of men
And mighty tribes.

Twah, the twilight, settles where
All things are at rest;
Tepees standing in the flare
Of fires, dot the meadow's breast.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

Beacon fire on the hill,
Smanas, hill the river laves,
Sending message to the still
Council of the braves
On point that bends the river's flow
Into curve like chieftain's bow.
Shadows creep upon the water
From the towering trees.
Softer and yet ever softer
As the daylight leaves,
Appear the forms of moving squaws
Around their home tepees.
Children, quiet under spell
Of fast descending night,
Listen to the shaman tell
His youthful deeds of might.

Ecahníe Sah-a-lé-ty-e;
Spirit of Life, Tomaníwus;
Coyote the brave, the Tallípus;
Gods of the tribes of illahe;
Breathe of your peace,
Your life,
Your strength;
That wars may cease;
That strife be spent
Between the tribes, and gone.

Under the spell of midnight born
Star gleams, lighting their homeland sods,
Awaiting the light of ten-as-sin, morn,
Slumber the Children of the Gods.

V

COMING OF THE WHITE MAN

Chinook, the brave,
Sun-chah-ca Stloo, the fair,
High on beacon hill, which gave
Prominence from which the tribes,
The children of their love and care,
Were summoned to the council sides,
Looking together towards the east,
Beheld storm cloud and cloud of fleece;
Gloomy darkness topped with sunlight;
Stress of storm beneath the peace
Of Ecahnie's might;
Spirit of treachery and disaster;
Spirit of love, and peace and right,
Bound together; faster, faster
Came they with the morning light;
Came they in the form of love,
Love the light-tipped clouds above;
Came with war's grim-arrowed sheath,
Sheath the tempest clouds beneath;
Came with outward form of brother
From one land into another.

Chinook saw but the light of love;
Sun-chah-ca Stloo beside him
Saw the vision that she knew
His noble soul denied him.
Round her memory visions rose
Of her home fires, of her clan,
Driven from their loved abodes
By the mighty Paleface man.
This she knew, and this she told
To Chinook, the brave, the bold.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

Chinook, oh brave, I fear to tell
What I know will grieve my husband;
Fear to speak the evil spell
That endangers all our loved land.
There reside back near the sunrise
Men of fine and noble bearing;
In the east where morning lies,
Men as white as fleecy cloud,
Stalwart men, and men of daring,
Cover illahe like a shroud.
Fast these men are moving westward,
Numbered like the buffalo,
Faster, and yet ever faster,
When they come the red men go,
Vanish from sahalee illahe
As melt snows in summer-time,
Leave tepees on tipso illahe,
Tepees that warmed in winter-time.
Look, my husband, to the eastward,
See the storm cloud on the hills,
Storm cloud moving ever westward
With foreboding gloom that chills.
'Tis the spirit of the white man
Moving westward through the hills,
Bearing callipeen, bow that can
Shoot no arrow, yet that kills.

Sun-chah-ca Stloo take no alarm,
Above storm clouds I see the sun;
Little fleece clouds still and calm
Tell Chinook his brothers come;
Chinook will keep thee from all harm;
Chinook says, Let the white man come.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

Chinook oh brave, oh brave my husband,
Sun-chah-ca Stloo knows what she tells;
Knows that in the east, her homeland,
From the place of Tulox, South Wind,
To Shuksan, cold home of North Wind,
All her tribe in anguish dwells.
She has seen the white man come
Driving the red man from his home;
That is why, from morning sun,
Came she westward all alone;
Traveled till Chinook was met
In the valley of Willamette.
Chinook, oh father of the tribes
That are my children's children,
When white man comes the red man dies,
With callipeen he kills them.
You that fathered, I that mothered,
All the tribes that we gave birth,
When the paleface hath discovered,
Depart from illahe, the earth.
Therefore open not your red heart,
Let your mind dwell on your own,
That the paleface may not start
Driving our children from their home.

Have no fear Sun-chah-ca Stloo,
I and all my tribes are strong;
We will let the white man know
He cannot harm or wrong;
Let him a brother's welcome get
From all the tribes of Willamette.

Thus, advancing from the east,
These two clouds assembled,
Storm-cloud and the cloud of fleece,
A noble man resembled.
Chinook, disdaining cloud of storm,

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

Looked up at cloud of light,
And thus within his red heart born
Was love for man of white.

VI

CHAMPOEG OF THE WHITE MAN

Hills to westward,
Meadow eastward,
Forming river banks;
Blockhouse in the meadow standing,
Built of rough-hewn planks,
Just above the pointed landing
Whence fur trading boats depart
Laden with the trapper's cargo
For the eastern mart.

Fences stretch across the lowland,
Fences that divide,
So the white man knows his own land
From his brother's side.
Plows have ripped the sod asunder
Furrow after furrow,
Turning golden blossoms under
That once graced the meadow.
Fen, once green to hillside feet,
Now is yellow field of wheat.

Belfried church upon the hillside;
Schoolhouse standing near;
Houses scattered far and wide;
Here and there appear
Granaries and log-built barns
Belonging to the valley farms.

Forest giants, trees that held
Proud heads to bend and sway
Upon the hillsides, have been felled;

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

Those monarchs of a bygone day
Have been felled to build the barns,
And fence the meadow into farms.

In the distance, place where past
Meets the future, holding fast
To traditions of its race,
Indian village holds a place.

VII

PASSING OF THE RED MAN

Upon the hill,
Against the midnight dark
Of sum-mit-lite, the west,
Whence dreams depart,
Whence hopes grown dim
Follow the setting sun to rest
Beneath We-co-na's rim,
Kobaiway, last remaining chief,
To Celaist, his daughter fair,
Pours forth his grief.
Stand they close together, where
A mournful, sad farewell is said
To their beloved ancestral dead.

All trails lead backwards;
None before me stretch;
I cannot carry forward;
I but go back to fetch
Memories that I owned
Of homeland sod,
Before Ecahnie was dethroned
By white man's God.
Land of the sunrise birth has given
To hosts who journey west;
By these hosts, the red man driven,

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

Must seek eternal rest.
Further and further, as they came
In numbers like wild geese,
Our tribes forgot Ecahníe's name,
Their wisdom ceased.
Mighty mother is Ill-a-he,
From Ill-a-he I awoke,
On her bosom I was happy.
Thus Kobaiway spoke.
Has mother Ill-a-he naught to say?
Does not Ill-a-he listen?
Do not We-co-na's waters play
Where yet the beach sands glisten?

Fair daughter of a mighty race,
We are the last; we stay
Not to find a resting place
Our mother's way,
Not to meet death on the trail
Our valiant father's trod,
But to go forth, like those who fail,
To seek Ecahníe, God.
But ere from our ancestral home
We turn away,
Listen to the words
I hear Ill-a-he say.

I was placed here by the just
And mightiest of Gods, Ecahníe;
Breathed on by Tomaníwus,
Spirit of Life; 'twas he who calmed me
From the tempest that he found me,
And into nursing mother formed me.
I gave birth unto the red man;
Mighty tribes to wander o'er me;
And it was Ecahníe's plan
That I return the love they bore me.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

Ecahníe spoke, and bade me feed
The red man and his daughter;
So the Tallipus brought me seed,
We-co-na gave her water;
These I placed within my heart;
Sunlight came to warm them;
Thus I gave the seeds a start
And for the red man formed them,
That he might find fruit on the trees,
Berries find he on the vines,
The wapto, the sahwahl, tar weeds,
All according to their times.
My hillsides gave him hunting ground;
My valleys shelter gave him;
And by We-co-na's waters found
He limpid pools to bathe in.
Thus, by Ecahníe's just command,
I became the red man's land.

Celaíst, last of a noble tribe,
Walk now at thy father's side,
Away from thy ancestral home,
Toward the crest, the rugged dome
Of high Nekamin, bathed in foam,
We-co-na's tears; walk toward the west
Where daily the Sun God ends His quest,
And the last red man will find his rest.

The last to leave the land
Where all our fathers sleep;
The last to grieve, and stand
Beside their graves, and weep.
It is the darkness I walk by;
The stars I cannot see;
Daughter, our noble race must die;
Ecahníe; Ecahníe;
Ecahníe, Sah-a-le-ty-e!

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

VIII BIRTH OF OREGON

Assemble!

That was the summons, that the call
To farmer, trapper, ranchman, all
Within the reach of tidings borne
By courier riding out of the dawn;
Within sight of the beacon flare
High on the hilltop lighted, where
As of old, yet once again
It summoned to council stalwart men.

They came on foot with guns in arms;
On horses came from distant farms;
Came in canoes on the river's breast;
Came from the north, south, east and west.
Came from shacks in far retreat;
Came from homes on the village street;
Canadians; Frenchmen; our own free
Upstanding men of high degree.

Came the farmers from their plows;
Holy priests with solemn vows;
Man of learning, came the teacher;
Man of God, the traveling preacher.
Came the rugged mountaineer;
Traders came from far and near;
Came the rancher from his wheat;
The trapper from his mountain seat.

Thus on that historic day,
The second in the month of May,
Eighteen hundred and forty-three,
Assembled a fateful company,
Numbering just one hundred two
Stalwart men, good men and true;
Men of strong and sturdy actions,
But divided into factions.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

Factions ready for the test
To decide what might be best
For the young community
Growing there so rapidly.
Some desired establishment
Of a formal government;
Others said it should remain
Just unorganized domain.

Within the blockhouse built of plank
Close beside the meadow bank
Of the river Willamette
At Champoeg, there they met;
There they met, and there debated,
Little dreaming of the fated
Generations yet to come
To make this land a cherished home.

Pastor Babcock spoke in greeting;
Chose they him to lead the meeting.
Father Griffin, tender, true,
Admonishing thought for all they do,
Counseling they proceed with care,
Opened the meeting with a prayer,
Asking that Almighty God
Bless all their paths, wherever trod.

Thus they met, and long debate
Had they to decide the fate
That should befall the far-flung sod
They and their wives and children trod,
Fifty for government told their mind;
Fifty were otherwise inclined;
Two could thus the meeting sway,
Matthieu and Lucier held the day.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

Thus hung the fate of this fair land
From mountain range to ocean sand,
From heights where snowdrifts ever stay
To river mouths at tide-washed bay ;
Land where monarchs of the hills
Bathe their feet in mountain rills ;
Where snow peaks cold look down upon
Meadows warm beneath the sun.

Debate had ceased ; all were at rest,
Awaiting result of a final test ;
Awaiting action by someone
Whose name by minstrel should be sung ;
One who should enroll his name
That day upon a scroll of fame ;
Tense was the feeling over all
Waiting to hear a leader's call.

Then arising from his seat,
Leaving the blockhouse, Joseph Meek,
Arms extended, hat in hand,
Pleaded for his fatherland.
In stentorian voice he cried,
"Follow me, those for a divide."
And upon the sod he drew
A line dividing the factions two.

Out of confusion order came ;
Between two lines of men a lane
Marked the course of Joe Meek's line
Serving the factions to define.
Answering Meek's call to divide
Fifty stood upon each side,
Fifty determined men, and grim,
Counting the cost, to lose or win.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

But two men undecided stood
Holding converse in the wood;
Matthieu and Lucier heard the cry,
"Fifty, fifty, the vote's a tie."
Heard the cry and the call to come
And help decide what should be done.
Lucier stepping forward then
Took his place beside Meek's men.

Tense was the silence while they stood
Watching the lone man in the wood.
Heart of every man stood still
Waiting for him to do his will.
Slow his step, and steady, when
He came, faltered a moment, then
Following Lucier's manly stride
Matthieu stepped to the winning side.

Thus the side of Joe Meek won!
Thus our country's flag was flung
Over land that had been the quest
Of intrepid voyagers into the west.
Land of the east our fathers trod,
Land of the west today thanks God
For the men who that day stood in line
Making Oregon child of thine.

IX

L'ENVOI

Glory is dear that must be bought
At any price,
From any human suffering wrought,
Or sacrifice.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

Torn by the grief that homeland ties
Were dead and gone;
That from his hills, his paradise,
Must flee his song;
That his ancestral hallowed graves
By none revered,
No more would know the tear that laves,
The love that seared
Torn anguished hearts and souls of men
To whom, though red,
Ecahnie gave fair hill and fen
To hold their dead;
For one long, last, grief-stricken sight
Did chieftain stand
Alone upon the hill at night,
Mourning the land
Ecahnie had bestowed in love,
That stronger God
Of white man had bespoiled him of,
His homeland sod.

Alas, that glory of the one
The death was of the other's,
The two Ecahnie had intended
Should be brothers.

FIELD VOICES

Green dotted stubble
Carpets the field;
Green that has grown
Since the last harvest yield.
Green dotted stubble is calling:
 “Plow me, come plow me,
 Oh, plowman,
 Come plow me!”

Wave upon wave
Of senna-brown earth,
Left by the plowman
Upturned from the turf;
Senna-brown furrows are calling:
 “Harrow me, harrow me,
 Harrowman,
 Harrow me!”

Bed soft as velvet,
Soft velvet indeed,
Left by the harrowman
Ready for seed;
Soft velvet seed bed is calling:
 “Sow me, come sow me,
 Oh, farmer,
 Come sow me!”

Yellow sea waving
Beneath harvest sun,
Gold-crested stalks
Tell that growing is done.
Each gold crested stalk is now calling:
 “Harvest me, harvest me,
 Reaper,
 Come harvest me!”

MOODS

Would I be sunshine, molten gold, shining out through
infinite cold to warm the orbits planets hold?

Would I be raindrops, lucent pearls, to fall on earth
with driven swirls, to seek and chill defenseless churls?

Would I be moonlight, silver sheen, to spot the dark
in eerie mien, and shadows make my spots between?

Would I be fog-bank, chilling shroud, deep to engulf
some spirit bow'd, some weary traveler, in my cloud?

Just one of them I would not be; aye, because I'm all.
Sunshine is a part of me; raindrops from me fall;
moon's eerie sheens and silvered greens I oft reflect at
night; and fog enfolds and oft withholds my own true
self from sight.

They all are me, if one were gone I'd be like tree of
some limb shorn. Through sunshine bright, moon's
mystic light, storm-driven rain and fog's depression, all
which are me; my moods obtain their free expression.

SILENTLY

I stood upon the hills at morning,
Watching, through the gray mists forming,
Streams of iridescent gold,
Into unknown spaces soaring,
From some hidden caldron pouring
Molten light into a mold.

Silently, silently,
Rose from the dawn to me,
Silently, silently,
Veil of God's mystery.

I stood upon the plains at mid-day,
Watching gather for the fray
Cloud-formed charioteers;
Shaping, massing, ranks assembling
Overhead dark forms resembling
Armored grenadiers.

Silently, silently,
Over the plain and me,
Silently, silently,
Veil of God's mystery.

I stood upon the shore at evening,
Watching mists arising, leaving
Mother breast of rolling deep,
Whence ascending, spread they, screening
Fading hues of sunset, weaning
Day child into night of sleep.

Silently, silently,
Rose from the depths to me;
Silently, silently,
Veil of God's mystery.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

BRIDGING

Let us enter the future by bridging the past.
What's the use of friends being estranged,
Each hoping eagerly unto the last
That a meeting may yet be arranged?

If you are on one side and I on the other
Of a gulf that has opened between,
Let us build us a bridge, and approach one another,
Far over the turbulent stream

Of misunderstanding that should not have been,
And for which we may each be at fault;
So let us each at our own end begin
Building a bridge, and not halt

Until it is finished, and on it we meet,
Our misunderstandings at last
Banished forever, and together we greet
The future we enter by bridging the past.

WORDS

Words never can express
The heights of human happiness;
Words never have defined
The depths of sorrow; for the mind
Knows far beyond the spoken tongue,
Or all the songs that bards have sung.
It is not given words to tell
Emotions that within us dwell;
For words are but the fruit of thought
Out of man's emotions wrought.
Words speak but ill for heart, for soul,
If understanding is your goal,
Look in my eyes and clasp my hand—
Then without words you'll understand.

THE PERFECT DAY

Not for me in solitude
Is found the perfect day,
Although for some beatitude
May come that way.

Yes, I have dwelt in shady spots
Where trees, like plumed Huguenots,
By very silence spoke;
And I have stood where point of land
Dipped beneath the breakers, and
My reverence awoke.
I have followed the mountain stream,
Sat by many a lake to dream,
Where fishes swim,
And through the reaches of the night
Gazed alone upon the flight
Of stars, from brim to brim.
The hand that through a firmament
Moon and star and sun-course bent,
Hath often guided me
In solitude to while away
The passing hours of a day
Delightfully.

But the perfect day—ah, when at night
I can look back and clearly sight
A tear removed from face of crying child,
Or something done for which a friend has smiled,
That—that is the perfect day!

THE WAY OF SHIPS

They bear our hopes, our joys, our griefs,
Out of the harbor, between the reefs,
While empty hearted we stand alone
Knowing the ships will ne'er come home.

They go about on the starboard tack
With spars and sails silhouetted black
Against the glow of the setting sun;
Endless voyages are thus begun.

They are cargoed with battles we have fought,
For dreams of things we have never wrought;
And we watch till their spars and sails unfurled
Silently slip o'er the edge of the world.

A CLOUD

It takes the mountain peaks and heads;
Valleys by their watersheds;
Snows that melt upon the hills
To form the myriad trickling rills;
Rills that must together run
To where some little brook's begun;
Many brooks must flow together
To make the waters of a river;
Mighty rivers then must sweep
Their waters to the mightier deep;
Warming sunbeams must caress
The waters of the ocean's breast;
Boundless space must add its cold;
Winds must blow to form and mold;
It takes all these, by God endowed,
To make a little soft white cloud.

FLOWERS

There is not much that I want now;
No laurel wreath upon my brow;
No mournful dirges to be sung
When I have ceased to be among
My fellowmen.

All that I ask is that some flower
Be picked for me before the hour
That I depart; that I may hear
The blossom speak a word of cheer
From friend again.

Flowers for me living—oh
Those are the flowers I would know;
But flowers for me when I'm dead
Are like kind words all left unsaid.

FORGETTING

You ask me to forget;
But to forget
I must first remember,
And remembering
I cannot then forget.
It is a cycle
Of impossibilities
That you ask,
Returning always
To its starting point.
For I cannot forget
Without remembering,
And remembering,
I cannot then forget.

OFFERINGS

Go read the story
Of the widow's mite,
And then you'll know
It matters not
What I may bring,
Or give
As friendship's offering.
If you meet me
With outstretched hands—
Though empty quite—
And loving smile,
You have done all
That needful is,
And in my eyes
You'll see the glory
That in friendship lies.

A FLOWER

God took a bit of dewy crystal mist,
A rainbow hue or two,
Wrapped them like a chrysalis
And hid them safe from view
Within the heart of Mother Earth,
Where, nursed by sun and rain,
Awaited they their time of birth
A gorgeous life to gain.
Again came God, and gently kissed
The breast of Mother Earth,
And rainbow hue and crystal mist
United were in birth.
'Twas thus, by artistry and power,
God gave to Mother Earth a flower.

A THOUGHT

One day a little friendly thought
I breathed into the air,
And as it fled its spirit caught
The message it should bear.

Speeding to meet the dark of night
By just a star-gleam brightened,
The little thought was lonely, quite,
And just a wee bit frightened.

But the star-gleam lit the way
To guide the little thought
To where, in peaceful slumber lay,
The friendly heart it sought.

The little thought slid down the gleam,
Entered the friendly heart;
And there became a little dream,
In which I had a part.

WHERE I WOULD SLEEP

'Neath arch of sky, deep blue of space,
Course where stars and planets race,
Whence clouds descend to curtain me
From all unkindly scrutiny;
A hilltop crowning rugged steep
Is where I would discover sleep.
Upon a mound in some far glade,
With just a tree to lend me shade;
A welcome couch, cool laid and mossed,
With flowered blanket o'er me tossed.
God, save some hill, and some lone tree
To serve as sepulcher for me.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

BURIED TREASURE

I know where treasure lies buried deep,
Where dreary reaches of silence keep
Watch over locks that guard the hoard
In the vaults where the treasure trove is stored.

'Tis not on a far-flung desert isle
Where mystical pirates buried their pile;
Nor in holds of ships that found their homes
Deep in the locker of Davy Jones.

The treasure is not what pirate shades
Seek with ghostly picks and spades;
Nor yet what helmeted divers show
To reward their searchings down below.

The treasure? Why, just a thought of me
Deep in some heart, tenderly
Guarded by silence I cannot break,
But hoarded there for old time's sake.

GOD'S LAW

God hath ordained the oneness of mankind,
That none can sever others from the fold.
As tree, its branches waving in the wind,
Is still a tree, though branch be dead and cold,
Just so mankind is still a unit, if
Daring to venture into realms of hate,
Refuse you me the love that you should give;
For love is God's intent towards man's estate.
I still am portion of the tree, the limb
Is mine own self; I feel this truly, for
So long as I love all I live in Him;
In hating one, contrary to God's law
"Love one another," always and forever
You disobey, and thus yourself you sever.

TILLAMOOK HEAD

High raised above the storm,
Wrathful beneath thee born,
Flung upon ages-worn
 Crag for its bed;
Calm by the raging sea
Spewed into foam to be,
Veil for thy mystery—
 Tillamook Head.

Born of long eons past,
Mighty upheaval cast
Thy heights above the vast
 Vaults of the dead;
Deep sunk beneath the waves,
Where, finding unsung graves,
Sleep they within thy caves—
 Tillamook Head.

Since time began thy crest
Facing forever west,
Where, with the sun, for rest
 Lone souls have fled;
Both joy and grief has known,
As on thy crested dome
Men sang or wept alone—
 Tillamook Head.

Hearts aged and torn by grief,
Find solace and relief
On thy majestic reef;
 Before them spread,
 Seeming a living goal,
Thy heart, thy strength, thy soul,
Redeems and makes them whole—
 Tillamook Head.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

If but thy constancy
Could be a part of me,
I'd face eternity
 Knowing no dread;
Knowing that I had done
God's will, and thus had won
Life, when my death shall come—
 Tillamook Head.

SOLILOQUY

No one knows the love within this heart
I have for those I wish to be my friends;
Nor length, nor breadth, nor depth its measure hath,
Nor weight nor volume tells.

I only know; because I answer it
In doing unto others as I do;
What happiness their love returning
Brings, or none at all,
I still must serve.

But One knows with me, for He put it there,
To be, in measure, useful to mankind;
So even though myself cannot discern
Returning love, yet happily
I still may love.

FRIENDSHIP

Out in the world is a friendship
That will not let you go
Without the spirit of friendship
Wrapped around you so
That wherever you may wander,
In pathways far and wide,
That spirit of friendship travels
Ever at your side.

It follows you over desert plain;
It hurdles mountain peaks;
It patiently waits its end to gain,
The friendship this friendship seeks.
No storm that blows, no drowning tides,
No man-made sad affair,
Can stay that friendship; it abides
With you, friend, everywhere.

GAIETY

Oh Gaiety, mask all sorrow I may feel;
Let thy bright smile be all my fellows see.
Be for me a rampart, behind which I conceal
The scars of wounds the world has left on me.
Banish all sadness from my outward mien.
If sadness must reside within my heart,
Let it not by others e'er be seen,
But give me strength to look a friendly part.
Fallen amid the strife, it still is worth my while
To help the world along upon its way;
So, Gaiety, lend me thy winsome smile,
And constantly be with me day by day.
Thus may I do my part, e'en though I'm sad,
And by thy help, help others to be glad.

AN OREGON NOOK

Inviting rock
 With moss-grown carpet spread
In shady spot;
 Tree arching overhead.

Ferns fine as lace
 Bending to sweep the rock,
Sway in their place
 Within this quiet spot.

Trillium bloom,
 And sister flowers there
Find happy room,
 And sweetly scent the air.

Grotto behind;
 Green vines to curtain it;
With dew gems lined,
 By peeping sunbeam lit.

Within, a spring;
 A limpid crystal pool;
Brooklets that sing
 Come from its waters cool.

River that flows
 Beyond a meadow green;
Top white with snows,
 A distant mountain seen.

TO A BIRD

Little wild thing
On air awing,
If, like you, I could fly,
I would soar away
At peep o' day
Into the morning sky.

Little wild thing,
The song you sing
Afloat on feathered spray,
Awakes in me
A wish to be
Joining your roundelay.

Little wild thing,
As you gently swing
At rest mid evening dews,
You hear all
Of the Father's call,
I am the one to lose.

Little wild thing,
Oh, the joy you bring
To those who know you well;
You are answered prayer
That a Father's care
May be where His creatures dwell.

DREAMS

What would life be without our dreams?

Whimsical fancies? Even so,
They beckon us on with a light that gleams
Always ahead. We do not know
That we shall accomplish their promise, still
They bring us hope, and so believing
We carry on, in the end achieving
Our destined path to the top of the hill.

Then dream your dreams, they are the skein
That you would weave with your own life thread
If you the pattern chose; so let a dream
Lead on, and follow as by dreams you're led.

MY ADDRESS

If you know where Memory dwells,
The number and the street,
You will know what address tells
The place of my retreat.

For I dwell not within the halls,
Wherever they may be,
From which Anticipation calls
And beckons Memory.

Anticipation is a sprite
As fickle as the gleam
And glow of speeding meteorite,
Or phosphorescent beam.

But Memory is steadfast;
She always hears my cry;
And so I dwell within the past,
With Memory standing by.

LOVE

Moonlight and flower,
Wood scent and hue
Enchanted the bower
Where, Love, I met you.

Moonlight, a silver sheen,
Lighted the path I knew,
Trod through all verdant green
Pastures with you.

Valiant the climb we made
Upward together; ne'er
Seeking in cooling shade
Respite from care.

Desert the top we gained,
Lonesome and bare;
Give me the light that waned
Shadowed with care.

Feeble the steps we take
Down the decline;
Knowing not when will break
Thy hand from mine.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

WOODLAND HARMONIES

Hark to the gentle treble swo-o-ow,
The voice of the breezes as they blow,
As if by touch of magic bow
 The gentle chords are sung.
List to the tap of bough on bough,
Traps of the woodland music, how
They keep the tempo, beating now
 Loud, now soft, the chords among.

Hark to the undertone that's freed
From rustling grass and water reed,
Beside the lake where wild birds feed,
 Adding their melody.
List to the silver bell tones ringing
From cascading waters, singing
As they rush down hillsides, bringing
 Their joy to the symphony.

Hark to the notes, distinctly heard
The call in the wild of bird to bird,
And the drum of the partridge wings that whirred
 Out of a hidden nest.
List to the chirp of squirrel leaping
Here and there, his harvest reaping
To lay away in secret, keeping
 Store for his winter rest.

Hark to the sharp staccato notes
Of insects—as from a thousand throats
They seem to come, from hidden moats
 Down on the forest floor.
List to the honk of the goose in flight,
And to the whine of the owl at night;
Solo parts—they possess by right
 A place in the music score.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

Hark to the anthem of nature, swelling
Into the hearts of men, and dwelling
There, the soft toned music telling
Where turmoils cease.
List, for the music in the air
Out in the woodland banishes care,
And makes you glad that you were where
All, all is peace.

SIGHING

Sighing never yet undid the past.
Man cannot sigh his errors into naught.
All he may know, all he may hold fast,
Is that he loved and served, and always thought
Of others, and of other's pleasure,
Never of himself; but gave his all
To others in unstinted measure
That happiness might in their pathway fall.
If man within his heart can truly feel
That hatred never played a part in life,
Then all his errors surely but reveal
Where loving heart had fallen in the strife;
And he may rest contented to the last,
For sighing never yet undid the past.

VISIONS

He wandered away with a weary heart
Into the hills where the freshets start;
Up and up and away beyond
The place where friendship can make a wound.

Up and up nigh unto Heaven
He carried his load, till finally driven
By weariness, he sought repose,
And the ebb and flow of his life stream froze.

He troubled none at his journey's start,
For no one witnessed his soul depart.
Those he loved were far away
Enjoying results of his earthly stay.

I'd go like that if I had my say,
Just turn my back and walk away
Up into the hills, till so near God
My soul left its home upon the sod,

And winged its way into far Somewhere
I could not follow, for nothing was there
Upon which the home of my soul could tread,
And I'd sleep alone, forgotten, dead.

MOUNT HOOD

Majestic sentinel cast on a ridge
Close by the point where a mythical bridge
Once spanned a great river that flows at your base,
The red man has bowed to your silence and grace.

Standing alone, in white your top gowned,
With purple and gold sunlit clouds you are crowned;
Your base clothed about with evergreen firs,
Nature, Mount Hood, has claimed you for hers.

You witnessed the birth pains by which this land came;
You witnessed the waters recede;
You witnessed a river cut through a great chain
Of mountains, o'er which 'twas decreed

That you should have eminence greater than they;
You witnessed the tragedy when
A nation courageous, of children, gave way
Before the advance of white men.

You witnessed the coming and going of men;
You witnessed again a great race
That conquering came, and ruthlessly then
Your beauties began to deface.

Shelter you give to the beast in its lair;
And surcease you give unto man,
Who gazes on you, from his burden of care,
As only your steadfastness can;

As Heavenward pointing, there silent you stand,
Reared high on my native sod,
Seeming to say to all of mankind,
"Surely, there is a God."

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

MY SHIP

When I was a lad, full fancy free,
I played beside a brook
That seemed so wide and deep to me
It had an awesome look.

I stuck a leaf upon a chip,
And set it, then, afloat;
It looked to me like a princely ship,
Or some bold pirate boat.

A beetle was its captain bold,
And fairy elves its crew;
And I had great fun as I watched it hold
Its course—and wouldn't you?

A cargo rich was in its hold,
(Youthful dreams of mine)
For it was crammed to its decks with gold,
And jewels rare and fine.

And breezes came and blew it strong,
Blew it far and wide;
Blew it straight and blew it long,
To a port on the other side.

And I thought to myself, "Oh, boy, you know
Where a treasure ship with a fairy crew
Is safe in port, and you can go
Sometime to get it"—Now wouldn't you?

The years have flown and my dreams have died,
While the brook flows as of old;
And I never got to the other side
To claim my ship and gold.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

But if I did I am sure that it
 Would be but a memory thought;
Just a leaf, and a bit of a chip,
 And a hole in the bank for a port.

For the fantasy dreams of the youthful mind
 Seldom materialize,
And as we grow old somehow we find
 We have managed to miss the prize.

To miss the prize; but have we though?
 Perhaps the prizes for which youth strive
Seem less alluring as we grow,
 And better ones in their time arrive.

So I feel that my fairy crew have brought
 My dream ship home to me,
With prizes better than I thought,
 Or my youthful dreams could see;

Because I'd choose the prize I won
 In place of the wealth I once thought due,
The knowledge of loving deeds I've done
 For friendship's sake—and wouldn't you?

UNCLE MOSE

Li'l pickaninny,
While yo cain, bes
Lay yo kinky wooly haid
Down on yo mammy's bres;
Caise when yo gettin' older
Yo member what Ah said,
Yo fine nuthin' but cold shoulder
Fur a plaice ter lay yo haid.

Li'l pickaninny,
Yo bes take yo joy
Playin' roun yo mammy,
While yo am a boy;
Caise yo gwoin be kine an' frien'ly
When yo grow ter be a man,
An' yo fine de worl' shu empty
O' folks what unnerstan'.

Li'l pickaninny,
Some day yo fine yo out
Yo aint got no frien's at all
Anywhere about.
Yo try yo bestes ter be kine,
But Uncle Mose knows what yo fine;
Yo sure fine dat hate am whut
Yo mostest ain't got nuthin but.

Li'l pickaninny,
When yo dun grow ole,
Yo fine yo Uncle Mose am right
'Bout dis worl bein' cole.
Yo'll member what Ah tole yo,
An' yo'll say yo Uncle Mose
Was atelling yo de trufest truf
Of all tings what Ah knows.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

So li'l pickaninny,
Yo bes have yo fun
Playin' roun yo mammy
While yo still am young;
Caise dis worl's so cole an' frien'less
Dat yo griefs, yo unnerstan,
All gets mighty big an' endless,
When yo grows ter be a man.

MEDITATION

Pondering, I stood upon the shore
Before that mystic line
Where, vastness yet a greater vastness meeting,
The waters and the universe converge.

The waters and the universe, those two;
And wave-washed rocks projecting out to sea,
Immovable and silent since creation's dawn;
Unchanging works of God unchanging.

And thus spoke I:

Oh, you restless waves!

You washed those rocks when Isabel sent Columbus on
his voyage.

You washed those rocks when Christ hung lifeless on
the Cross.

You washed those rocks when Moses proclaimed his
righteous Law.

You washed those rocks for countless eons yet before;
You'll wash those rocks for ages yet to come.

From behind the western waters, the setting sun pro-
claimed

The rising, from the forest, of the moon.

Before me, spread majestically,
Eternal evidence of God eternal.

TO BE FREE

You may be free
If but your feet direct
Where hills, nor trees, nor gushing streams forget
Their source, their destiny.

You may be free,
But if to gain, you die instead of climb
Toward flashing jewels capping hills of time;
You die blinded, and thus fail to see
Your Deity intended you to climb, e'en though alone;
That living, climbing, you will reach a home
Where you may hear the whispered name of friend,
And learn that storms not always grief portend—

You may be free,
And living grasp the treasure;
But if in tragic measure
It is thine,
It is because you did not rightly climb.
Be like the hills, the trees, the gushing streams—
Forget not
Your source, your destiny;
Then you'll be free.

THE CONFLICT

A basement window, dark within,
Mirrored the great outdoors to him;
He was a robin; hopping by
His mirrored image caught his eye.

Angered, he stopped, with his head acrook,
And the mirrored image gave back his look.
With ruffled feathers and head bent low
He delivered the image a wrathful blow.

The robin was stunned by his hard impact
With the glass, but he found his foe intact;
So the battle was on, and with fury fought
The robin and bird that the glass had caught.

Peck for peck and blow for blow
The glass bird gave the robin, so
At the end, when the fight was done,
Robin was dead, and the glass bird won.

Valiant he fought, but the robin began,
As does so many and many a man,
To fight without stopping to look, and so
To find in himself his only foe.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

BABY

(To P. L. J.)

From star to star
Afloat afar
In azure depth,
A spirit flew
The long space through,
While all earth creatures slept.

Down through the night
From realms of light
Beyond our ken,
This spirit mild
Of little child
Came here to live with men.

We only know
That spirit so
Came from above;
That it was born
One early morn
Into you, babe we love.

We but caress
In prayerfulness,
That we may be
Steadfastly true
In all we do
To shape your destiny.

We can but pray
That come the day,
The joyful dawn,
When, for your worth,
All men on earth
Rejoice that you were born.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

With awe-stilled voice,
Whispered rejoice
That you are here,
We look through haze
Tear-dimmed, and praise
The One who sent you, dear.

CONSTANCY

Water steady falling,
Steady falling drop by drop,
As with a mighty purpose,
Will wear away a rock.

Fond thoughts steady streaming,
Steady streaming thought by thought,
Will build a mighty highway
From blocks of friendship wrought.

Kind deeds steady flowing,
Steady flowing day by day,
Will build an equipage for friends
To travel that highway.

Heart-imprisoned longing,
Like a bird within its cage,
Will some day summon travelers
To ride that equipage.

HEROISM AT SEA

Out where relentless storm waves sweep,
Where dauntless men lone vigils keep;
Out where rest is fathoms deep,
Where only shades and silence creep;
Out where towering combers reap
Death's harvest, and in vengeance leap
Like wolves at carrion prey;
Out where man in deep defile
Of storm wave trough seems lone exile;
Out where a lone star guides the while
It troops its way down cloud-dimmed aisle;
Out where no blazing lights beguile,
No sounding brass, no beckoning smile,
Man lives as man, God's way.

There man must follow a path begun
Where duty calls and needs be done.
There man is known, and requiem sung,
For the fame his valor and courage won.
There heroism is all, and none
Is found without when its need has come.
Alone with God at sea,
Man loses all that is selfish, mean,
His courage rises to heights supreme;
God dwells within, and we see the gleam
Of the naked soul of the man stripped clean.
None may belittle, none blaspheme,
For the man within will the man redeem,
Afloat with his destiny.

MOTHER

Softly falls faint music of the years
 Echoing down the corridors of time,
Heard but in memory upon ears
 Age-dimmed, those childhood songs of mine.

Softly, too, as from beyond a veil,
 Age, accustomed to the evening shade,
Mother's eyes, seeing but children, fail
 To note the faltering life-steps we have made.

Softly caressing, baby-velvet still
 Seem time-worn toilers that her hands may hold,
Believing naught but that a mother's will
 Had kept them to the paths she had foretold.

Softly her presence, as the evening wanes
 Tempers worldly thoughts within the mind
Arising from the losses or the gains
 The day has brought, and leads us to be kind.

Softly "Good night," she calls, as from the stair
 She smiles down on us all, and nods,
Seeming to be quite unaware
 That we are not the Darlings of the Gods.

NATURE'S SHRINE

I know a bare hill
That is crowned by a tree,
And a rugged path leads to the top,
Where all is so still
It seems ever to be
A shrine, just inviting a stop.

A shrine where no thought
In a world-weary heart
Of troubles and passions and care
Can ever be brought,
For such are apart
From the quiet and peacefulness there.

Come, clamber with me
To the top of the steep,
And let us commune there together;
For under the tree
Is where silences keep
Singing God's praises forever.

LITTLE THINGS

There is no Empire in my dream,
No greed for power, wealth,
Nor fame nor fortune that may seem
Won by strength or stealth.
The pleasures that I have, I found
Among the little things around.

The spoken word, the light of eye,
Mouth aquiver with a sigh,
Hand-clasp as we said good-bye;
The joy of meeting once again;
Faith in all my fellowmen;
For joy and peace I find abound
Among the little things around.

Just to give—
Not to receive;
Just to live,
And to believe
That love will always conquer hate,
That kind words never come too late;
It is a joy in vast amount
To know the little things that count.

PRAYERS

UNBORN SPIRIT

Let me awake, God, let me awake
From Thy unknown into newborn life,
Pulsing with energy, ready to break
Into the world, its confusion and strife.

YOUTH

Let me grow happily, happily, God;
Let me grow strong for the work to be done;
Let me learn love for my native sod,
And loyalty to the friends to come.

MANHOOD

Let me be strong, O God, be strong
To travel the path of rectitude;
Fearlessly to discountenance wrong,
And to meet life's storms with fortitude.

AGE

Put me to sleep, God, put me to sleep;
I have weathered the storms as best I might;
Loved and served; and now I seek
Rest in Thy final restful night.

DEPARTED SPIRIT

Let me pray at Thy feet, God, pray
That those whom I love and left behind
May know Thy care, and come some day
To find me lovable, tender, kind.

PATHS

Paths that are made upon the sands
Of this and many far-off lands;
Prints on many a sandy beach
Of pulsing tides within the reach;
Are washed away
Within the day;
Prints that could not long endure
The tides, and soon became obscure.

Paths that are made upon the rocks
Withstand the stormy equinox.
Prints on many a rock-strewn hill
Endure the ages, and are still
Intact, though marred,
Time-worn and scarred;
Prints that have obtained old age
In places where fire and tempest rage.

We all make paths upon the sands
Of life, and oh the reprimands
Relentless tides have ever brought
For easy sand paths I have sought;
Each rocky path
That I trod hath
Returned full-fold in ecstasy
For every hardship given me.

LET'S GO

'Way off up there back, that big hill,
I got a dad. I know
'Cause my mamma tells me so
When she holds me close and still
Every night,
Jes' 'fore she puts out the light.

She puts me in my little nighty
And holds my head
In her lap until I've said,
"Dear God Almighty,
Bless my daddy who's away,
And let me go to him some day."

An' then she tucks me up in bed,
Saying, "Dad's away as far's
That big hill, apickin' stars
To bring to me," and once she said
Orful low, "Shut those eyes,
They shine like daddy's in the skies."

I'd like to ask her what she meant
But I can't; it don't seem right
To talk of daddy, 'cept at night;
'Cause once I asked if daddy sent
My new toys to me,
And mamma cried most orfully.

But mamma says that some day she
Will go find dad,
An' tell him 'bout the little lad
He's pickin' stars for, an' that's me.
But I won't let her go alone
An' leave jes me back here at home.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

I tell mamma if I can
When I grow older
I'm agoin' to be a soldier,
An' then she calls me "daddy's man."
But it always makes her cry so
When I play, and yell "Let's go!"

ORDERS

You hurrying hosts
Of thoughtless men
In disarrangement marching,
Fall in, eyes front, attention!
If you but look
In darkness eyes may see;
If you but hark
In silence ears may hear;
For out of darkness comes the light,
And out of silence anthems rise;
Infinite wisdom made it so.

Lift up your eyes
That you may see
In darkened skies
The panoply
Of silent, marching hosts;
Then born of silence
You may hear
In choral, each
Star grenadier
Chanting the peace hymn
Of eternity.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

THE SOURCE

A rosebud asway
Delights in the day
That it is unfolding to view.
Its exquisite beauty
It holds as a duty
To present, in perfection, to you.
Its aim is to please
As it nods to the breeze,
And true to its nature it grows.
What makes it unfold
Into beauty untold?
God, in the bud of the rose.

An acorn, from sight
Hid away, without light,
Hath within it the wonderful power,
From deep in the earth
An oak to give birth,
Toward Heaven to mightily tower.
What urge did it know
As it struggled to grow,
And one day the earth crust it broke?
It just obeyed laws
It had to, because
God, in the acorn, gave life to the oak.

In a nest by a stream
Three tiny eggs green,
Lay under a mother bird's breast.
And the bird was aware
Of the life that was there
As she patiently sheltered the nest.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

Then came the great day
When the shells fell away,
And the peep of the birdlings was heard.
What made the shells part
To give birdlings their start?
God, in the egg, sent forth the bird.

It is just like a prayer
To stand watching where
Life can be found as it starts;
For there, surely, is God,
Whether under the sod,
Or above, where sunlight darts.
Once God doth conceive
Of a life, I believe
That He never destroys it again;
So the life of a tree
Or a bird, seems to me
As eternal as that He has given to men.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

SPIRIT FLIGHT

Swing lariat, swing about my head,
Thy bight descend upon the head
Of Pegasus, winged steed.
Come forth, winged horse, from out thy stall,
Bear thou my spirit on, enthrall
It by thy speed.

From sun to sun, while dark shall last,
Oh winged steed fly fast, fly fast,
Night's hours speed away.
From pole to pole, each icebound shore,
My spirit give one trip, no more
I ask ere dawn of day.

Come, flying steed, hold now thy course
From southern skies where holy cross
Is flung in space alone,
To northern realm of Ursa, bear,
Growling at Polaris, there
At peak of starry dome.

Fear not Sagittarius with bow,
Speed on, speed on, I'm bending low,
His arrow we defy.
Speed down the course with Lepus, hare,
Gird thy loins to beat him fair,
To win! To win! the cry.

On past Orion with his Bull.
Let winds sweep past us blowing full
Upon thy heaving breast.
Heed not Sirius, barking dog,
He cannot thy sure pathway clog,
So neigh him passing jest.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

My spirit thus give nightly flight
Through space, like flaming meteorite,
On fiery steed.
Thy pounding hoofbeats none can stay,
We span the earth on the Milky Way
With lightning speed.

Oh death-defying Steed of Night,
My spirit take with thee in flight,
And bear it near
Its power throne, omnipotent,
There cast it off, fatigued and spent,
But knowing naught of fear.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

YE OLD BRIDGE

Timbers all sprung out of line,
Planking broken through,
Underpinning worn by time,
Water-soak and mildew;
Roadway washed with banks askew,
Twisted and all out of plumb
By flooding waters rushing through;
Thou yet hath pride of duty done.

Railing in a drunken sway
Moving with the sweep
Of breezes toward the waterway
Seems about to leap
Into the eddying murky gloom
Of waters, and to drift
Away to some inglorious doom
Through yonder hillside rift.

Yet all of life we know
Thou hath seen pass
Upon thy sturdy timbering, and go
To meet the future, carrying the past.
Youth to meet youth, in the joy,
Untrammeled, of their spring;
Country maid and farmer boy,
You know their whispering;

For they have loitered on you where
The eddying pool might cast its spell;
And of the sorrowing, who would dare
Their passing numbers tell?
Full many an aged hand its hold
Hath taken on thy rail;
And many a murmured sorrow told
Of hopes thou hast seen fail.

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

Blushing brides have gone to test
Love-passions of a new-made home;
Lifetime friends have gone to rest
Beneath the country churchyard stone.
Children running o'er thy planks
Thou hast seen grow, and then
Their children's children join the ranks
Of passing men.

Light-hearted, laughing, morning time,
Care-embittered noon,
Sorrowing, grief-bowed evening, thine
To know them all, and soon
Will ring out clear thine own death knell,
And as you crumple into murky swale
Requiems will chant, "Thou hast done well,
Never been known to fail."

POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

[*On Columbia River Highway*]

All through the night the snows come down
A mighty mountaintop to crown
In spotless hue;
To clothe a torn and tortured sod
With something like a part of God,—
Promise for me—for you,
All through the night,
All through the night.

All through the night from melting snow
Over the mountainsides there flow
Streams from above;
Leaping in joy, though joy be brief,
Follow by depths of fathomless grief,
Streams of God's love.
All through the night,
All through the night.

All through the night into depths abyssed
Streams are falling; then torn to mist
Each fall appears
To be a part of an infinite plan
Of God's, to hide from the sight of man.
But show His tears;
All through the night,
All through the night.

All through the night into pools below
God's tears are poured, and softly flow
A tryst to keep;
For all the tears God weeps for men
Are gathering unto Himself again
In ocean deep.
All through the night,
All through the night.

THEN

Some day God will lift
The mists around me
So I may be seen,
And then
When friends have found me,
God will let the light
The mists have veiled
Shine forth upon their sight;
And they will know
I have not failed
In loyalty;
Will know that naught
Within me ever sought
To harmful be.
And then
Both God and friends
Will dwell in me.

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